

AMERICA'S WEEKLY

FOR RADIO LISTENERS

Radio Guide

ECARTER1331

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 29, 1934

TELLS WHAT'S ON THE AIR — ANY TIME — DAY OR NIGHT

5¢

Volume 62
Number 18

In This Issue:

Life Story of
Schumann-Heink
Mother—Artist
Without Peer

Radio's Gala
Christmas Gift
to Listeners

For the Ladies
Only—Finding
Venus de Milo
of the Airways

Dancing With
Arthur Murray—
Flirtation Walk

Madame Ernestine
Schumann-Heink



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REVISED

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Mother Schumann-Heink



The life of Schumann-Heink's genius showed even in her early girlhood

By Carleton Smith

Gott knows—I have never been so happy before in all my life!" Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink sat in her kitchenette apartment in a Chicago hotel when she made that statement. She was preparing to tell the story of her life.

I have spent the past two weeks in California with my children. We have been in the sunshine together. All my children—they have jobs. And I have a job—the finest kind of a job. It is one that I love, this radio business.

So she began a story of her 73 years of fame, distress, love, motherhood—the motherhood for which she is famous—happiness, utter failure, despair, near suicide, and finally now, today, real happiness.

Schumann-Heink is the one woman alive who has become mother to all the world. She has been one of the world's greatest singers. Today that voice still remains one of the grandeur and founded magnificence of her Metropolitan opera days. But it has gained something else. Something more elusive. More beautiful. More soul-stirring. Even more exciting. She has gained the pure quality of motherhood, with all its implications.

In Chicago, today she is singing a radio program that reaches millions of listeners. Her fan mail is tremendous. She is happy, excited about "this new business." Yet she is glad to recount stories of her yesterday, when she was younger and when all the operatic world was at her feet.

"But first, I must make you some soup—my poor boy! You must be hungry!" she says.

And so we have soup together. And it is wonderful, too. Then she begins to tell, in that richly dramatic voice of hers, little odds and ends of her life. Tag ends, they sound like, but they're all important. They abound in human interest. They would make the toughest city editor know his nose in holy joy, he'd think they were that good.

"I am a Roman Catholic," she says. "But not a practicing one. Why? Because I cannot go to church and really pray to Gott without that these people stare at me, and pull at my arm and ask me if it is not so that I am Schumann-Heink? Yes, I cannot go to Gott that way. I must pray to Him alone. I must feel Him in me."

She prays often, and believes firmly. A year ago she was down and out, she thought. She had been ill in a hospital; she felt that her voice was gone, that she never would sing again. And so she went alone to Church. She stood before the statue of St. Anthony. She asked him to let her die if there were no heaven, no future for her.

"Why did I ask that? Because I knew that I was worth more dead than alive to those who depended upon me."

After that she went home. A week passed. Then

As the Witch in Hansel and Gretel, one of the roles she loved—because of the opera's appeal to children

a letter arrived and after it came a man who wanted her to do concert tours. Soon afterward she was signed for her present radio contract.

"Then soon this radio business came," she says. "Now everyone hears me again. And I don't know. They say the age of miracles is past, but when I see these things happen—what can I think?" Yes, Schumann-Heink believes in prayer.

When she was a girl in Prussia, where she was born, she wanted things she couldn't have. Desperately. She wanted warmth and enough food and enough clothes. First of all. And then, suddenly, she wanted to sing.

Her family felt pretty helpless about that. Singing meant music lessons, and here was her father supporting his family on an army officer's salary of thirty dollars a month!

Sometimes she'd wonder about these things. She'd ask her mother, "Why is it that other people have things, but we don't? Why should we be hungry and without clothes while other people have more than they can use?"

Her mother laughed at her. "Tini, you mustn't say those things. Today things may look bad for us—for you. But tomorrow, that is another thing. Tomorrow surely something good will come."

And Schumann-Heink believed her mother. "All my life I have tried to remember what my mother used to tell me when I was very young. And I know she was right. Whatever success I have had I owe to her teaching me to believe in the future."

Her future was to be full of extremes, though. She has made millions of dollars. And she literally has been without food or clothes.

"In Germany, in the blackest Winter of my life, I was once so poor that we rarely had enough food to eat. My babies, my poor four little babies, they often went hungry. And then finally the Sheriff came and took our furniture away," she says.

The Sheriff left one little bed for the children, and a broken-down stove and chair. Schumann-Heink knew complete despair that night. She forgot about the happy tomorrows that her mother preached to her as a child.

She had one object—to get away from the scene of her humiliation, to get as far away from it as she could go.

So she started out, one baby in her arms, her other three—August, Lotte and Henry—by her sides. Blindly she tramped the streets in the cold—desperately trying



ing on—lighting every minute to down the overwhelming emotion that continually welled up within her. She seemed bereft of reason.

In time she came within sight of the railway, the mother staring straight ahead of her into eternity, when Lotte made an appeal. She suddenly felt her mother's intention.

"Liebe Mutter, please, please, take us home. I am so cold!"

Schumann-Heink looked down and saw the little hand, blue from cold, resting on her sleeve. She was no longer a mad woman—she was a mother. "A mother," she says, "who was shocked at letting her babies get such chills."

And so they turned back. And soon the wheel of fortune—the same wheel that has brought Schumann-Heink fame and great wealth, misery and complete despair—turned again to a happier number.

But why has Schumann-Heink become mother to all the world? Why does she get fan mail addressed to "Mother Schumann-Heink"? Why is she beloved as much for herself as for that glorious voice that has thrilled the world?

Schumann-Heink is beloved by the world because she truly loves the world. It's as simple as that.

She is the sole of friendliness. If she steps into a taxi cab she immediately engages in conversation with the driver. The same with elevator boys, or anyone who comes near her. . . they feel her great, warm heart.

She is interested in perfect strangers. "How is your wife, and your little babies?" she is likely to ask the redcap who carries her baggage for her. And, after he answers: "And your mother, tell me all about her," she will command: "Once a taxi driver protested, 'But madam, you 'on't know my wife!'"

"I am sorry for that," she replied quickly. "I should like to know her very well. Now, tell me all about her."

She gives everything away. If you go to her apartment, she piles you with food, with flowers, with a picture from her wall. Recently she gave a Chicago news-



paperman a typewriter. To a music critic she offered a beautiful quill pen, with a three-foot plume!

In Wichita several winters ago she and her accompanist were on their way from their hotel to the railroad station where they were to catch a train for New York. Suddenly Madame Schumann-Heink turned on her accompanist.

"Kaffine!" she exclaimed. "We have not told the cigar salesman good-bye!" They turned back.

Someone told us that a few years ago, when Madame Schumann-Heink was on concert tour, she learned that on the same train with her was a woman who had no birth, and that woman soon was to become a mother. The great mother insisted that the young mother-in-prospect take her berth; and she sat up all night, although she was scheduled to sing a concert the next day.

She is extremely proud of her own children today.

"Tell them," she says, "that we are so happy in our family because we are all working. My Henry is in California in the movie studios. He is a carpenter, a saw kind. And he got the job without anyone knowing he was the son of Schumann-Heink," she adds proudly.

"And my George has just recently returned to the United States. He has been in the Orient, and he has worked his way back from there on the Dollar Line. I don't know why, unless to show his mama how independent he is!"

Throughout the war Schumann-Heink sang unceasingly for the soldiers. She went from camp to camp, and everywhere she was received with ovations. After the war—the war that took her own son from her—she continued this work with the disabled veterans. Everywhere she is remembered as the "Mother Schumann-Heink" of the army camps.

In the veteran's sanitariums she goes only to the wards where the contagiously diseased are placed. "They are the only boys, the only poor ones who have no one to sing for them," she says.

One time she sang for the disabled soldiers. She found the concert hall filled, but her audience had been placed back a good distance from the stage.

"Come forward, boys," (Continued on Page 29)



Mother is shown (far left) with her grandson Hans August and the family police dog, and (above) with her son Ferdinand. Mother gave a party not long ago. It was for her children and grandchildren only, "No grownups allowed." Among those present were Mrs. Charlotte Guy, a granddaughter (at left of group below); Barbara Schumann-Heink (right), a daughter; and Mrs. Charles M. Fox, another granddaughter (standing)



Strictly for the Ladies

By Arthur Kent

If Listeners Who Hear Irma Glen's Organ Music Think She Is a Fragile Genius—the Facts of Her Life Will Be a Revelation

From this Irma's enthusiasts may conclude that though her music may express her soul, she needs no interpreter of her physical presence. Beauty like this may be skin deep, but it is certainly curve-long!

However, Miss Glen is much too dynamic a girl to be satisfied merely with posing around and being admired. She long ago concluded that a body like that was made to be used—and she does use it, completely, in every sort of outdoor sport. Here is the dynamic beauty of motion, as well as the static stateliness of measurement.

She lives in Chicago.

Six months of the year she swims in Lake Michigan. She rides horseback, blending with her steed's every stride till the two of them appear as one galloping female centaur. Her tennis is a game of dash, smash and precision. She golfs excellently, skis superbly. Irma en-



Irma as her gracious self. The vitality expressed in her face, even in a photograph, makes an observer expect her to speak at any moment.

Far away an organ is playing. Smoothly as snowflakes on a windless day its notes fall—for Irma Glen is at the console. To thousands of listeners she is the very spirit of the organ.

"You must be a saint," an enthusiastic admirer once wrote, "I can hardly believe such heavenly music could be played by any creature of ordinary flesh and blood. Are you a real woman?"

Is she?

She is! Most people seem to think that an organist is different from other musicians—and from other mortals. Undoubtedly this is due in part to the almost-universal use of organ music in churches. The player of the organ, therefore, wears a kind of musical halo in the minds of many listeners. He or she becomes, in popular fancy, a bit remote from the fleshy world of physical energy. But in physique, as in technique, Irma Glen is supreme. She is a gorgeous woman, who revels in strenuous outdoor sports.

She is organically, as well as organistically, perfect.

Probably no woman in radio, on the stage or the screen, has a finer form than Irma's—for she is almost a perfect physical replica of the Venus de Milo.

Compare these measurements: The celebrated Venus is five feet four inches tall. So is Irma. Venus' head measures 21.3 inches. So does Irma's, and both measure 33 around the chest and 37 around the bust, while their waists are 26 inches and their hips 38 inches.

Only in her limbs does the organist differ from the goddess—and here, modern taste in feminine underpinning gives Irma the benefit. For her legs are slimmer than Venus'. The statue's ankle measures 7.4 inches to Irma's 6.0—its calf 13.3 as against Irma's svelter 12.2—one inch of slimmest to Miss Glen's credit.

In neck measurement, the ancient goddess and the modern lady are identical—12.5.



Better not be on the receiving end of a snowball hurled by Irma—there's pep behind it!

Six months of the year Irma swims outdoors—trying occupation for a most rugged physique

joys skating with her outdoor-loving husband. She gets a kick from archery, likes a round of badminton, and in the winter she's no stranger to the squash-court.

Beyond question this zestful outdoor life has helped give Irma Glen her unbelievably lovely skin—cleanly clear, glowingly fresh, rose-tinted from within—and not from within cosmetic jars. Diet helps, too—Irma drinks a pint of orange juice on arising, can't use cocktails; prefers fresh vegetables and fruits to more body-building foods, and enjoys milk.

"Liking that diet makes it easy



In very few particulars do the organist's measurements differ from that classic standard of feminine development—the Venus de Milo

and natural to stay slim," says this lyric lady. She proves it by the triune loveliness of her life; the mould of beauty, the beauty of motion, and the beauty of music.

Irma Glen's organ music comes over an NBC-WJZ network every Monday and Wednesday at 10 a. m. EST (9 CST) in a sustaining program, Harvest of Song—and over a split NBC network every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 a. m. EST (10 CST) in a program sponsored by Red Star Yeast and Products Company, Galaxy of Stars.

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Let 'Em Come Up Some Time

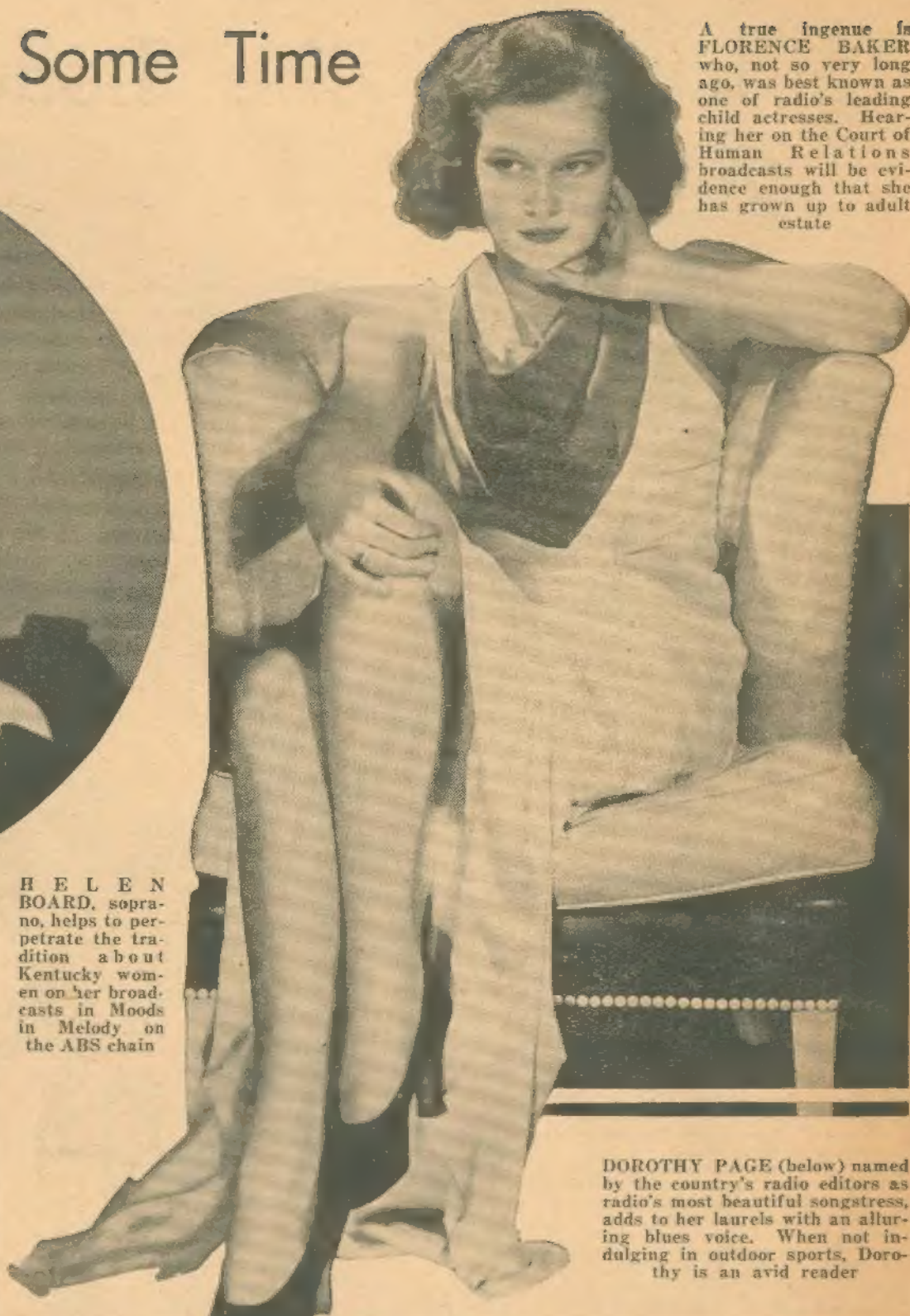
A true ingenue is FLORENCE BAKER who, not so very long ago, was best known as one of radio's leading child actresses. Hearing her on the Court of Human Relations broadcasts will be evidence enough that she has grown up to adult estate



H E L E N
BOARD, soprano, helps to perpetrate the tradition about Kentucky women on her broadcasts in Moods in Melody on the ABS chain



COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI, alluring Spanish soprano, is always in the thick of the listeners' fight over the identity of radio's most popular singer. Each of her Sunday night broadcasts on the Silken Strings programs wins additional supporters of her cause



DOROTHY PAGE (below) named by the country's radio editors as radio's most beautiful songstress, adds to her laurels with an alluring blues voice. When not indulging in outdoor sports, Dorothy is an avid reader





Muriel Wilson, the singing Mary Lou of the Show Boat program heard Thursdays over an NBC network, heeded advice and did her Christmas shopping early—but there just had to be one or two more last-minute gifts which the candid camera caught her wrapping

To each and every reader of these lines, an Elegant Christmas and a High Class New Year! May you get your share of the season's happiness and a lot more for good measure.

At this time when the radio fairly spurts forth Yuletide Spirit, it might not be too late to suggest an Ideal Xmas Program. If the program below is not submitted

in time to be or help this year, the network boys are welcome to save it for December, 1935, and I'll be glad to revise it so as to bring it up to date—provided they can find me then. Here it is—the Perkins Ne Plus Ultra Christmas Program:

1. Opening Theme: "Xmas Comes But Once A Year, But We Go On Forever"Amos 'n' Andy
2. Overture from Artist Bureau (with Sleigh Bells)...Orchestra
3. Chorale: "God Help Ye Merry Gentlemen"Dedicated to the Radio Comics
4. Switch Over to Little America: First Broadcast of the Sound of Snow Falling
5. Switch Back to N. Y.: Nellie Revell Interviews a Reindeer
6. Reindeer Interviews Nellie Revell
7. Song: "Oft in the Silly Knight"Billy Batchelor
8. Ceremony of the Giving and the Receiving of Gifts:
Artist gives president of Eureka Cracker Crumb Company a fast line
President of E. C. Co. gives artist a hearing
Artist gives president and adagency an audition
Adagency gives artist a contract
Audience gives artist the bird
President gives adagency the razor
Adagency gives artist the gate
9. Carol: "Good Will Rogers to Men"Gulf Oil Co.
10. Abbreviated Version (in English) of the Encyclopedia Britannica (Gift Edition)...Translated, arranged, revised, composed, written and narrated by Deems Taylor
11. Wass'! Song: "Wass'! I Do?"Mixed Quartet: Alex Woolcott, Joe Penner, Baby Rose Marie, and Gertrude Stein
12. Switch over to Christmas Islands, Introducing Phillips Parker and Seth Lord aboard the Good Ship Santa Claus. (It turns out that Lord and Parker and the ship are in Vladivostok now, so program is switched back to N. Y.)
13. Talk: "How to Save the String Off Xmas Packages"Alan Prescott, the Wife-Saver
14. Song: "Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride".....Ed Wynn
15. The NBCS Amalgamated Orchestra, Consisting of 1,200 Orchestra Leaders, under the Direction of Herman Wurtzsch, the Unknown Oboe Player
16. Closing Song: "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Folksies"Ray Perkins

The decline of Santa Claus as a personal factor in

the Xmas scene is in a large part due to the difficulty the old gent has had these past years in getting near a chimney, let alone in climbing down one. "Roof tops ain't what they used to be," says the veteran second-story man; "the average roof is so cluttered up with antenna wires that I like to break my fool neck!"

BUSY LADY: On Tuesday mid-afternoon MARTHA ATWELL alights from a taxi in front of Columbia's Playhouse on 45th Street, clad in evening cloak and full nighttime party regalia. The reason for such premature bedecking is that on Tuesdays Martha directs three major programs in rapid succession, to wit: Laverne and Old Lace, Just Plain Bill and The Story Behind the Claim. So she barely has time to sniff a malted milk, let alone dress for evening. As directress of dramatic productions for the World Broadcasting Company, she puts Plain Bill on CBS at 7:15, hops to the Playhouse for the Laverne-Lace session at 8, and dashes to NBC for the Claim affair at 9:15. Later she gets some sleep to be ready for production of the Everett Marshall Broadway Varieties show on Wednesdays.

In a corner of New York's Central Park a group of youngsters ranging from two to seven years uphold the tradition of Radio through heritage. Each with a proud nurse, they have formed a clique that discusses broadcasting learnedly between games of hide-and-seek. My only and favorite daughter, Wendy, tipped me off about it, and tells me the group includes PHIL COOK'S two little girls, Phyllis and Sally; WALLACE BUTTERWORTH'S lad, Junior; NICK KENNY'S little Patricia and Joy; and BORAH MINNEVITCH'S youngster, Lydia Ellen. It appears the female elements predominate. But the son of NATHAN BURKAN, famous lawyer, sometimes graces the assemblage, although Wendy doesn't remember his name! And there's another Wendy, too, the daughter of CLARENCE DAY, the writer. Evidently Mr. Day liked Peter Pan, also.

Any other radio parents whose offspring patronize the park, are invited to advise this department. Perhaps we can start a junior open air radio-salon.

Ray Perkins is at your service with songs and chatter Mondays at 7 p. m. EST (6 p. m. CST) over WEAf and the red NBC network.

Plums and Prunes

By Evans Plummer

A few sweet plums and wrinkled prunes from Santa, just in time for Christmas:

Hammerstein's Music Hall, with guest stars, CBS-WABC network at 2:30 p. m. EST (1:30 CST) Sundays. Caught December 2 going along at a great pace with one of the sweetest musical production jobs on the air. Singer Jack Norworth, dialectician Henry Burbig and the Royal Hawaiian orchestra are cited especially, with plums for all.

Amos 'n' Andy, NBC networks at 7 p. m. EST (10 p. m. CST) Monday to Friday. Tuned in for curiosity's sake on Tuesday, December 11, just in time for Andy cut loose with a sock that laid Dictator Kingfish Crawford low for the count. Unexpected development caused dials to twist A&A-ward again next night to learn result. Looks as if Weber City would get underway with less delay—which is to be hoped for the script's benefit. Plums, Andy, for the acceleration.

Jack Benny et al, NBC-WJZ network at 7 p. m. EST (6 CST) Sundays. December 9 performance was outstanding among a series, all of which have been outstanding. Carloads of plums, Jack.

Town Hall Tonight, NBC-WEAF network at 9 p. m. EST (8 CST) on Wednesdays. This Fred Allen vehicle has been poking along and going nowhere in particular, so far as these ears are concerned. Considering the much more listenable Balb Club Revue when Allen and Roy Atwell were batting out home runs every Sunday night, the present series is below the Allen par. Is it Atwell's absence that wins prunes for this show? Or is it the too often repeated gag about going to Town Hall tonight? James Melton's singing, however, is very plumful.

One Man's Family, NBC-WEAF network at 10:30 p. m. EST (9:30 CST) on Wednesdays. Caught December 12, this topnotch series created a new high for

dramatic situations. The naturalness of the dialogue and the actors is uncanny. Transitions from one group of the family to another are as smooth as glass and plums galore.

Pat Kennedy and Art Kassel, CBS-WABC network at 1:45 p. m. EST (12:45 CST) on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Here's one of the best daytime musical shows through the week. Kassel's arrangements do well by Kennedy's voice which has improved steadily since the beginning of the series. . . . P. S.—Art and Pat, both of whom experienced orphanage days, haven't forgotten. They staged a special Christmas party last week for the children of St. Vincent's Orphanage, Chicago, which is another reason for awarding them plums.

Radio Theater, NBC-WJZ network at 2:30 p. m. EST (1:30 CST) Sundays. Caught December 9 rendering Berkeley Square, with Leslie Howard and Helen Chandler in the lead roles. Performance, as is almost a weekly guarantee, was very plumful. But we wonder how many of the customers had the faintest idea of what it was all about. Berkeley Square, if read, or if the motion picture were seen, would be heavy enough as a broadcast, but without the aid of either the broadcast must have been a terrible burden on the ears of many. Plums, nevertheless, to the soap chip sponsor for continuing to provide radio's best dramas—good enough even for the dramatic critics to praise.

Opera Guild, NBC-WEAF network at 8 p. m. EST (7 CST) Sundays. Here is an ambitious attempt to make the operas popular with "us folks." Pelletier's musical accompaniment and the singing stars cast in the various roles do plumful jobs—when they get a

chance, but the chance doesn't come frequently enough. The hour is too crowded with inane drama based upon the naive plots of the opera being re-enacted, plots which were considered great stuff several centuries ago but which seem comical when heard in English today.

Well, Santa, do you think you'll be able to get all those Plums and Prunes delivered before Christmas? . . . Okay, pal, and be sure to give all the artists profitable commercials, and some grand new programs to our RADIO GUIDE readers. . . . Both need both.

Amusing is an evening newspaper's editorial suggestion that radio jokes be taxed, the tax amount to be squared for each year of the joke's age. The comment came as a result of a suggestion by the Lawyers' Legislative League of America that broadcasting stations, among other things, be taxed to provide funds for old-age pensions.

It is our sincere hope that the other things included newspapers and particularly their platitudes and hokum, trite expressions, moronistic comic strips and pictures, threadbare daily fiction story plots and all campaigns conducted in selfish interests and not the public weal.

Tag Lines: Be sure to catch TODAY'S CHILDREN on Christmas morning. Mother Moran and Lucy Gillman will do it from New York, and you'll shed several happy tears, we'll bet. . . . The Aragon Ballroom won't deny or confirm the rumor that ANSON WEEKS will be the fair-haired boy there next October when WAYNE KING'S contract expires. Nevertheless, Weeks did a big gate there last Summer and has been re-engaged for this Summer when King vacations. . . . After many auditions, their sponsor has renewed CLARA, LU 'n' EM. . . . Santa ISN'T dead, according to Chicago radio stars. Invited to a grand midnight buffet supper by a large radio manufacturer, they had more fun, dancing 'n' everything, and not a one of them was asked to do an act!

Are You Listenin'?

By Tony Wons

The Spirit of Christmas: The years had left deep lines in her tired old face. She wore a quaint little cape that had seen its best days—a wistful expression on her face. You could see she was poor. The two little bundles she held lovingly in her wrinkled hand were Christmas gifts. Perhaps for a son far away. The room was cold and draughty. Would the postal clerk never get to her?

Third in line stood a healthy, shiny-faced man in a huge, camel's-hair overcoat. He was beaming with comfort and contentment. Success shone from every line of his face. Piled high in his arms were Christmas bundles. They looked expensive, too.

Suddenly he spied the little old lady with the white hair, holding her two poor packages. He stepped out of line, and going over to her he said:

"Mother, you are tired. Won't you please come in front?"

And taking her gently by the arm he led her to his place and then stepped back eighteenth in line, whistling a merry tune.

That, my friend, is *The Spirit of Christmas*.

Personally, I do not think kids nowadays have as much fun as we did. Hot, dusty roads where we trudged barefoot are now concrete and hard, and you don't see kids in gangs winding their way out to the farmer's orchard or the hickory-nut grove. Automobiles whiz by now, and you can't walk there any more. Riding on the handlebars of brother's bike along the old street-car line out to the ball park. Picking slivers out of our toes. Rolling hoops along the wooden sidewalks. Slushing around the slough for frogs and cattails. Flying kites in the field back of the railroad roundhouse. Cutting initials on the benches at the depot. Making whistles out of maple limbs—those were stunts that had fun connected with them. And look:

Draining saps from the trees in the spring. Having battles with mud balls. Making a raft in the old swamp. Catching pollywogs. Hollering in the rain barrel. The first pair of pants with pockets in them. Skipping school. Bringing home a lost hound. Hopping the old beer-wagon behind the pile of beer kegs. Picking up junk in the alleys and selling it to the junk man. Having a circus in the woodshed. Gang fights. Bloody noses and black

eyes. Running on top of box-cars at the switchyard. Chewing slippery elm. Swiping watermelon and eating it in the big ditch.

Barefoot on the cool green grass after a summer shower. Asking the butcher for a hunk of bologna. Smoking corn silk and horse-whip. Looking for pennies through the cracks in the sidewalks. Hitching a ride on Art McCaffery's feed wagon. And, oh, I could go on forever and ever telling the things we kids used to do.

Do they get that much fun now, I wonder? It was all over when I was thirteen. Then work at the factory began. But a whole lot of life was crowded into those first thirteen years. And it was worth all of what came after.

Getting along with others is not such an easy thing to do. You may have indigestion or something else wrong inside of you and it may cause you pain, and you get grouchy about everyone and everything including yourself. A change of diet may be the thing you need. We are not all so strong in our wills that we can feel good even though we don't feel good. You can't always get along with others because they may have something wrong inside of them, and no matter how pleasant you want to be they will not respond. They will not get in tune.

It's like a radio broadcasting station and your receiving set. I don't care how hard the engineer over there in the glass house tries to send out a perfect program, I don't care how red the singer gets in her effort to chirp sweetly and melodiously, if your receiving set is out of order—a tube burned out, or a wire disconnected—you're not going to get anything but noise.

There is a cause for everything. Getting along with people isn't always in the mind. I sincerely WANT to get along smoothly with others. It's easier to live that way. But I can't do it all the time. There are times when I could kick anybody who comes near me. At other times I could hug everyone.

Generally, I find it's all a matter of how my machinery is functioning. Oh, I know it is said that some people always can shout "Cheerio!" and slap you on the back and invite you to eat and drink with them. But as I say, we are not all made alike—and those of us who are not born with super-wills fly off the handle



Tony Wons ever is eager to help a good cause when he can. He was among the first to promote the sale of Christmas Seals this season, the revenue from which supports the fight against tuberculosis. Even among his friends Tony tirelessly carried the drive to "buy more seals"

now and then and bark and growl at the world. But of course we all like the fellow who is agreeable most of the time.

More of Tony Wons' homey philosophy is heard on *The House by the Side of the Road* Sundays at 5:30 p. m. EST (4:30 p. m. CST) over an NBC-WEAF network.

Reviewing Radio

By Martin J. Porter

They tell me I just came out of a delirium. I feel more like just having come out of the wringer. And this is my first experience at pounding a typewriter in bed. I didn't really believe them about the delirium until they told me that for two days I've been cheering CHEERIO'S canaries and clapping hands for EDDIE CANTOR. It must have been fever, and a tough one!

For the first time in my life, however, I have come to realize what radio means to those who can't get up and go out and see things. If I'm good, they say, maybe I can get up in about a week, but I must not listen to any old jokes or anything else that might prove agitating. Soft, slow music is the doc's prescription.

I would have to get knocked over like this when so many things are happening, and with such rapidity, on Radio Row!

WABC, as maybe you know, has a gent named PAUL WHITE for vice-president. It is Mr. White's duty to think up stunts which are technically called special events.

For some months now Mr. White has been toying around with the notion of staging an hour show called *American Scene*.

Now, if you were Mr. White, just what would you put into such a broadcast?

Ah! Paul has anticipated you. He's putting everything into it. It's to be staged late at night on December 22. We're to hear shopping crowds in New York, theater and Union Station crowds homeward bound from Washington, a typical American family Saturday night bridge game in Minnesota, a hot-stove argument in a general store in Kansas, the unloading of a Mississippi river barge down South, noises on a parking lot near Times Square, the Chinese Theater in San Francisco, a hockey game in Seattle, ice skaters in Boston, a mission in New York's Chinatown, the making of a movie in Hollywood—and if you can think of anything else, just add it. For it will be there. In order to do this stunt, on the level, using lapel microphones, the Columbia System is stringing 50,000 extra miles of land wire.

MR. ED WYNN is pouting, but not in public. Much of the success of his Tuesday night program, as he thinks—and I think you will agree with him—has been due to the fact that he constantly has interrupted GRAHAM McNAMEE while Graham was plugging Texaco. Many hundreds of laughs have been forged by this stunt, including the classic "gasaloon." But the kidding has been stopped at the request of the sponsor.

This has been coming ever since Wynn returned to the air. I remember discussing it with him aboard his boat last Summer. At that time he was in the throes of a postal argument with the sponsors, but insisted that he was the showman and they were the business men. He wanted to boss the show—and they could boss everything else except him.

Ed thought the matter was settled, but it wasn't. The firm has bossed him at last and cut out the kidding. It leaves Wynn pretty limp. He may rebel any day, and a rebellion by one of the highest paid individuals on the air may be serious for the client.

WOR, the Newark station, is setting a pace for those outlets which are interested in developing a new technique in drama. Within a few weeks the station will invite a dozen Little Theater Groups to stage drama, which will be rewritten for broadcasting. These will be aired in a tournament, with prizes going to the three most impressive, or those which employ the most satisfactory form of radio presentation.

During the past fortnight one band was dropped by its sponsor from the NBC network, because it was too good. That is, the men were all such expert musicians that they thought there was nothing they didn't know, and they slopped up their rehearsals. They were clowning just before their final broadcast, and didn't come to attention in time. Consequently some of their fol-

derol went out over the air. Ten minutes after the show they received notice that they were fired.

Another band nearly lost its job for clowning, but when matters were explained to the sponsor he figured the boys were justified. Here's what happened: The soloist with the orchestra came from the opera and was very snooty. She was mean at rehearsals, haughty and patronizing, and she insisted on having the studio air-conditioned almost to freezing "to stimulate my voice." She cared not a whit that the pianist's fingers were stiff, as were the digits of the fiddlers and the trumpeters.

During a broadcast last week, this uppity dame strode majestically to the mike and began her aria, and then almost collapsed.

She looked at the orchestra and saw that every musician was wearing large, white mittens!

PHIL BAKER is turning out to be a triple-threat man. Not satisfied with being on the air and having a part in the Broadway musical, *Calling All Stars*, the comic is negotiating to headline the show at a new restaurant opening along the Gay White Way where CHARLIE DAVIS and his ork will supply the music. . . . If you've been wondering where you heard the voice of KATE McCOMB, who portrays the role of *Ma O'Neill* in *The O'Neills*, she is the same ma'am who took the role of *Mrs. Kerrigan* in the *Rise of the Goldbergs* skit.

That new B. A. ROLFE program heard over NBC-WEAF networks at 7:45 a. m. EST (6:45 CST) inspires many jokes because it is on so early. Originally planned as an eye-opener for the radio public, it serves also as a nightcap for milkmen, night watchmen and others who labor nights and sleep days.

The other morning one of the musicians asked RALPH DUMKE, one-half of the wise-cracking Sisters of the Skillet comedy team, if he found it hard to get up for the early show.

"Get up!" yelled Ralph. "I haven't been to bed yet."



Dorothy and Dave Fitzgibbons, premiere ballroom dancers now appearing in the Empire Room of the Palmer House, Chicago, illustrate the position for both man and woman (left) at the start of The Flirtation Walk



The second and third positions in The Walk are shown in the left and right illustrations respectively. After the steps of The Walk have been completed, dancing may be varied to include a regular Fox Trot for fullest enjoyment



Dancing The Flirtation Walk

Arthur Murray, who has taught ballroom dancing to more than half a million persons, now dispenses his instruction every week on the air. Concurrently, he is writing a series of articles for RADIO GUIDE, (of which this is the second) describing in detail a new dance every week—each one of the latest.

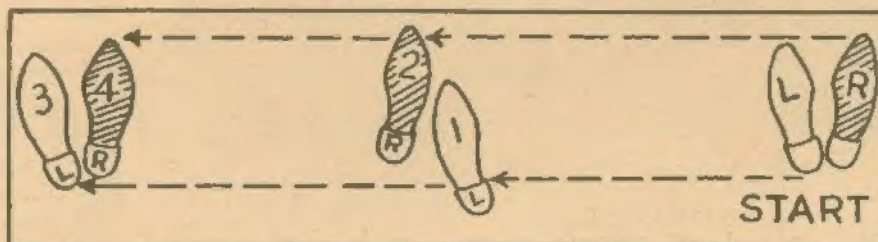
Wallflowers no longer have excuses. Anyone with a radio set capable of tuning in a dance orchestra—and that means every set in use—may follow Arthur Murray's diagrams and illustrations and descriptions presented herewith—and so get fullest enjoyment.

The Flirtation Walk

By Arthur Murray

The Flirtation Walk, a new dance popularized by West Point Cadets, is a variation of the Bolero. If you want to execute its steps as gracefully as possi-

To do the Flirtation Walk, the man's left foot (outlined) first takes one step to the left. The right foot (shaded) then crosses the left; the weight is transferred to the right foot, and the left foot takes another step to the left. The right foot is brought up to starting position. The lady starts with the right foot, and steps to the right, and so on, reversing her "left and right" from the steps shown in the accompanying diagram



ble at Christmas parties, begin to practice now. Try the steps alone at first, or with someone that you know very well. You can learn faster if you are not thinking about yourself.

The Flirtation Walk is danced to Fox Trot rhythm. Here are the directions: At the start, stand erect, with heels together. Then take a long step to the left with the left foot. Cross the right foot in front of the left. Step to the left with the left foot. Draw the right foot up to the left.

This dance was created in response to the craze for walking steps that is sweeping New York. After repeating the Flirtation Walk several times, you may vary it by resuming the ordinary Fox Trot. The new steps may be introduced at will.

Arthur Murray's lessons over the air may be heard every Saturday at 6 p. m. EST (5 p. m. CST) via the CBS-WABC network. Leith Stevens and his orchestra supply the music. Program sponsored by Pinaud, Inc.

Radio's Gala Christmas

By Howard Wilcox

Radio plans to give you this Christmas season the greatest entertainment-gift in the history of mankind! Never has there been anything like the stupendous plum pudding of programs which will be served up by the networks and local stations throughout the country. Even a circus press-agent would run out of superlatives trying to describe it.

As on a magic carpet, you will be able to travel around the world, hearing choirs, carols and carillons from romantic lands. As if your radio were H. G. Wells' fabulous time machine, you may sit in your living room and listen to the chanting of early Christians in the catacombs of Rome. You may attend, by ear, age-old Christmas ceremonies in an ancient monastery where once—legend tells—the Holy Grail reposed; or you may flip your dial and pulsate to hotcha.

And what a cast of characters your Christmas show will boast! You may hear King George of England, and Lionel Barrymore as Dickens' *Scrooge*—Beatrice Lillie, Alexander Woolcott, Madame Schumann-Heink—the Metropolitan Opera—symphony orchestras, symphonic choirs, dance bands—comedians, tragedians, columnists and aviators.

Will Rogers will say "howdy" and "Merry Christmas" to you—and so will sailors on a whaling ship near New Zealand; so will a fisherman in Canada, a toll-keeper at the mouth of the great Mersey Tunnel at Liverpool, and a guardian of the Sydney Bridge in Australia; so will a tea-planter in India, a British army officer on guard in time-shrouded Khyber Pass, the gateway to India.

You'll hear 8,000 magnificent black African fighting men roar a chant of loyalty to the British sovereign—and Kate Smith will remind you of a star that hung over Bethlehem when she sings Silent Night.

There never has been anything like it since the fever of that first Armistice Day when war clouds lifted. It's as if radio were saying Merry Christmas and goodbye to depression at the same time! The lid's off! Never was Christmas stocking so filled as your loudspeaker will be crammed with programs!

Many radio records will be broken. The greatest

international broadcast of all time will come from England—focal-point of a British Empire-wide hookup. It will be climaxed by a Christmas message from King George—which owners of the humblest sets may hear, for both major American networks are picking it up... In the commercial field, Columbia is offering the greatest matinee—and one of the greatest commercial broadcasts—in history, when Nash Motors will present Lionel Barrymore, Beatrice Lillie, Woolcott, George Olsen, his orchestra and his wife Ethel Shutta, the Don Cossack Russian Male Chorus of 36 voices, Madame Schumann-Heink, Kathryn Witwer, concert star, the 200-voiced Apollo Club chorus of Chicago, aviators Clyde Pangborn and Roscoe Turner, and Victor Young and his concert orchestra.

Again on New Year's Day, Columbia and Nash will bring an epoch-making matinee. Each of these will last two hours and forty-five minutes, and together they will rank as radio's greatest concentration of time, talent and coverage. On the New Year's Matinee the stars will be Ethel Barrymore, Beatrice Lillie, Noel Coward, the Mills Brothers, James Melton, De Wolf Hopper and Joseph Pasternack. Both (Continued on Page 28)

Chief Ed Wynn, The Perfect Fool

By Jack Banner

It's a Far Cry from Vaudevillian to Top Rank Among Musical Comedy Stars, Yet Ed Bridged the Gap in a Few Short Weeks—and Found Time to Marry Between Performances

Ed Wynn's father, a successful manufacturer of hats, desired nothing so much as to have his son succeed him in business. But Ed's idea of the factory was an unlimited storehouse of hats of every shape and description—to be tried on and used for comedy effects. Against every effort of the father to cure Ed of his foolish notions of going on the stage, the son ran away from home, joined a traveling theatrical troupe, and wound up with eleven successful years in vaudeville, teamed with Jack Lewis, Al Lee and others. In this, the third instalment of his life-story, his career is picked up at the end of his vaudeville days:

With Wynn's vaudeville fame came the yearning for new fields to conquer. Musical comedy, of course, was the next progressive step, but the musical heavens were studded with such scintillating stars as Leon Errol, W. C. Fields, Moran and Mack, Bert Williams, Billy West and others of like reputation. How was a mere vaudevillian to crash into such sacred company? Wynn made several efforts to interest the musical impresarios, but invariably met with rebuffs. In 1913, however, an obscure producer decided to gamble with Wynn in a show called *The Deacon and the Lady*. The show flopped badly, but Wynn's delicious humor registered. His amazing repertoire of silly stories

and unorthodox hats sent the critics away in stitches. It was in *The Deacon and the Lady* that Wynn came into the full flavor of his nonsense and the genius of his invention. Here it was that he first introduced his device for the spraying grapefruit, by equipping himself with eye-shields upon which he had superimposed tiny windshield wipers.

Other hilarious creations introduced in this show were the device for eliminating after-dinner speakers



Hilda Keenan, charming star of many a musical success, whom Ed expected to laugh when he proposed marriage—but who said "Yes"

Christmas wouldn't be Christmas if Ed didn't devote many spare hours playing assistant Santa Claus to the needy



The late Florenz Ziegfeld, who gave Ed his first chance in a musical show, *The Follies of 1914*

by putting the speaker over a trap-door; the self-tipping hat which enabled the perfect gentleman to tip his hat even when he carried parcels in both arms (the hat was operated by means of a series of pulleys); and a simple though effective way to distinguish between a rubber cigar and a real one—stretching both to see how far each would expand. His rain-manufacturing umbrella was the real show-stopper. When Ed walked onto the stage with an open umbrella, atop of which was a tiny sprinkling machine, the critics rolled out of their seats with laughter.

When the show folded after a short run, Wynn wasn't worried—not with those rave notices appearing in the newspapers!

"I sat down and waited for the producers to knock down my door," he said in recalling that bizarre experience. "I pictured Shubert, Erlanger and Ziegfeld fighting a duel over my services. But after many weary weeks of waiting, not a single producer evidenced the slightest interest in me, so I regretfully had to return to vaudeville for another year."

Florenz Ziegfeld gave Wynn his first musical-comedy chance. The great producer offered him a part in his *Follies of 1914*, at a salary of \$225 per week.

The offer tested the mettle of the rising young star. In vaudeville he was assured of earning at least \$1,000 a week, whereas if he joined the Ziegfeld show he would earn far less, and would have to joust for honors with such famous funny men as the group aforementioned. This was the strongest competition in the world for a newcomer to musical comedy. Could he, a comparatively unknown clown, compete against such celebrated stars?

"I came near turning the offer down," tells Wynn. "Frankly, I was scared. The odds were too great. But something deep inside of me kept whispering: 'You're a coward if you don't accept, Ed Wynn, so I threw my hat into the ring and squared my shoulders for the big chance.'"

Wynn had a major part in the early rehearsals, and he jubilantly wired all his friends and relatives in Philadelphia to reserve seats in the Atlantic City theater where the show was scheduled to open.

But show business is a funny profession. The star of the rehearsal session often finds himself relegated to a minor role by the time the show opens, and often a comparative unknown works his way up to a major part. When the troupe entrained for Atlantic City, Ed's hour of stage time had been cut down to about five minutes.

The show opened at (Continued on Page 27)

Inside Stuff

Along the Airialto

By Martin Lewis

When the new year comes rollin' around it will bring some real treats for the tuner-inners, making the start of 1935 truly a Happy New Year. What makes this scribbler exceptionally happy is the fact that I will be able to hear HELEN HAYES in a new series when the Hall of Fame switches to CBS starting January 6. Plans for the program seem to be held up at present, due to the sponsor's switch in advertising agencies; but with that excellent actress in front of the mike the show can't help but be good.

New Year's Day will usher in a new series featuring GRACE MOORE, who scored an overwhelming success as the star of *One Night of Love*. The programs will be heard for a half-hour each week over the NBC-WJZ network, and will originate from Hollywood where Miss Moore is busy making another picture.

On January 4 over the same network, BEATRICE LILLIE, famous English comedienne whom you heard as a guest on RUDY VALLEE'S show last week, will come to the microphone for her first of a regular series of half-hour musical programs. She will be assisted by a vocalist and an orchestra yet to be selected. This show replaces the *Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood* program heard over CBS.

The following day another new show hits the CBS airlines, featuring GLADYS BAXTER, prima donna of Countess Maritza; WALTER PRESTON, baritone, and VICTOR ARDEN'S Orchestra.

January 14 is the date set for JACKIE HELLER to inaugurate his first sponsored evening program over an NBC-WJZ network. The 61-inch tenor also will return to the *Climax* show early next month, and with both of these programs to do Jackie has had to cancel all plans to take over the BUDDY ROGERS band and become an ork pilot.

All-Stars in Gala

A gala array of radio artists, including some of the most popular orchestras, vocalists, and comedians, will participate in the second annual nationwide celebration of President Roosevelt's birthday, proceeds from which will be used in the fight against infantile paralysis. The program will be heard January 30 over the combined NBC and CBS networks.

California's biggest dual pageant, the annual Tournament of Roses parade in Pasadena and the big intersectional football game between Stanford and Alabama in the Rose Bowl, will be heard over a nationwide NBC-WEAF network on Tuesday, January 1.

Full Hour for Waring

Starting January 3, the FRED WARING program will be extended to a full hour variety show weekly, featuring guest artists. As reported here ever so many columns ago, Coca-Cola launches a new series Friday (December 21) over an NBC-WJZ network, using a 65-piece symphonic orchestra and a choir of 26 voices under the direction of FRANK BLACK. You also read here for the first time weeks ago that NINO MARTINI was being groomed for the flickers. The official announcement just arrived, advising that the young Italian tenor has signed a Fox Film contract. He's the third CBS singer to be built up on the screen, following BING CROSBY and PHIL REGAN, whose microphoning led them to Hollywood.

The much-discussed differences between LUD GLUSKIN and the Big Show sponsors were settled by a compromise, when Gluskin remained on the show and the sponsors released him from the exclusive clause of the contract, so that he may appear on other programs as well.

Rumors from the audition halls in Manhattan have it that Chesterfield will drop its high-priced soloists—PONSSELLE, MARTINI and STUECKGOLD—to put their presentations entirely in the hands of ANDRE KOSTELANETZ and his orchestra and Variety Singers—thus giving him his greatest break yet, and a well-deserved one. This will mean stardom, too, for several of the previously unidentified seventeen Variety Singers, whose ranks include accomplished soloists and expert combinations of singers. In his supporting casts for the song stars, Kostelanetz has talent aplenty to provide brilliant variety programs on their own, without serving as satellites for big-name stars.

Carefree Carnival gets a Xmas present in the way of a sponsor. Starting the last day of the year, this



Queens of Song and Dance meet in New York for a chat: Helen Ward (left) whose torchy voice comes over the air with Benny Goodman's Band on the three-hour *Let's Dance* program Saturday nights (NBC) had a long heart-to-heart talk recently with Sally Rand—and they didn't mention fans or bubbles!

excellent coast variety show will be heard for a half-hour every Monday night over the NBC-WJZ network. . . . NOEL COWARD has been added to the galaxy of stars to be presented over CBS on New Year's Day by the auto manufacturer, who is also presenting a similar galaxy on that chain on Xmas Day. . . . MILDRED BAILEY and the femme quartet exit from the WIL-LARD ROBISON series, leaving the deep-river singer to carry on with a male quartet. . . . Life Savers will succeed the CBS spot now occupied by the EASY ACES, early in January. . . . The new show will be a song and patter affair. Talent still indefinite. . . . Wonder

The blood of the real showboat captains flows in the veins of CHARLIE WINNINGER, erstwhile skipper of the radio Showboat programs, and currently of the legitimate stage. For when Charley fractured his ankle last week, his thoughts centered—not on his painful injury, but on the stage cast he inadvertently had thrown out of work for a short period.

"Drat the luck," moans Charlie. "I feel guilty as can be about the temporary closing of the show. It'll take at least two weeks for my ankle to heal, and in the meantime all the boys and girls in the show will be laying off, waiting for my recovery. If I were a kid in the show I'd grab a musket and shoot the careless old walrus who caused a smash hit to fold temporarily!"

Revenge Without Music, the musical comedy which opened to the huzzahs and hurrahs of the critics several weeks ago, will be closed until Christmas Day, because the management felt that no understudy could fill adequately the large and capable brogans of the old Showboat Captain. It's one of the greatest compliments ever paid to a trouper. Here was a great show with a super cast of stars, and instead of carrying on without WINNINGER they decided to close the show until his recovery!

In one of the scenes Charley opens a prop window and climbs through. To facilitate his movements, a chair was placed behind the drop, so that Charley could step down easily. At last Wednesday's matinee the chair tilted and dumped him in a heap backstage. That's how the accident happened. Although he was in great pain, Charley went on with the performance. That afternoon he taped his leg, and with the aid of a cane he staggered through the evening show.

Next morning he had his foot X-rayed, and the films showed a fracture of the foot and ankle. With Spartan courage he insisted upon going through with the Saturday show. This he did, with the aid of crutches. His doctor finally insisted that the foot would have to be placed in a cast, with the result that a hit show closed.

While on the subject, I'd like to tell the Show Boat sponsors that their program just "ain't what it used to wuz," and apparently I'm right in my judgment, as indicated by the many letters of complaint in to the VOL Editor.

what novelties Grape Nuts will present when the BYRD Expedition broadcasts end early in February, and the expedition starts homeward. The expedition broadcasts have made the sponsor distinctly novelty-minded.

GEORGE GERSHWIN'S sponsor is auditioning an amateur-night program idea which may replace the song composer. . . . Another audition note concerns a show being presented for the approval of an NBC sponsor, starring RUTH ETING, MORTON DOWNEY, and the MILLS BROTHERS among other talent of a distinctly CBS tinge. . . . The Lucky Strike execs once more have become air-minded and are listening to several ideas, among them a detective serial. . . . The former GENE and GLENN sponsor is listening to an all-star cast show comprised of some of the top radio names. . . . Rumor has it that Hollywood Hotel with DICK POWELL will fold at the end of its series and will be replaced with a new idea.

Standard Oil, it seems, is going deep into show business, angling the Broadway operetta, *The O'Flynn's*, and sponsoring the radio series of the same name on CBS, based on the stage production and tying in with it for mutual ballyhoo. . . . Then, too, the same outfit is presenting the touring stage show featuring GUY LOMBARD, and that unit contains an O'Flynn Quartet, singing songs from Esso's Broadway show and thus furthering its ballyhoo. This might start a new trend in

show business.

RICHARD HIMBER has a new theme melody for his airings. He calls it *Tea at the Ritz*. Humber, by the way, was paid quite a compliment recently by Mac Gordon of the song-writing team of GORDON and REVEL.

Gordon, just in from the coast, informed the maestro that his is the Number One band of the airwaves as far as the coast Tin Pan Alley is concerned, and also informed him confidentially that CAROLE LOMBARD never misses any of his airings.

O'Shea Can You See?

Now that Columbia has The O'Neills and The O'Flynn's as two recent program acquisitions, not to mention Broadway Hillbilly O'KEEFE, I expect any time to hear that they will stage a new script act, *The O'Shapiros* or *The O'Cohens*.

Maestro OSCAR BRADLEY, he of the Oxford accent, will miss STOOPNAGLE and BUDD sadly while they're away from the Gulf Show, for this leader new to radio was given a splendid build-up when the comedians found that his natural English accent was swell for stooge parts. Funny, isn't it, how comedians can bring their maestros into the spotlight overnight.

A-las for Bernie

BEN BERNIE has signed IRENE TAYLOR for a permanent berth with his crew. If I'm not mistaken, this is the first femme singer to be honored with a steady job with the Ole Maestro. A friend from the coast writes to inform me that Bernie seems to be going Hollywood in a big way this trip. Believe it or not, any recent pictures of him will show a new crop of hair on the upper lip—he calls it a mustache; and to top that they tell me he struts down the Boulevard swinging a cane!

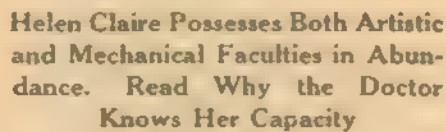
ALBERT KAVELIN and his orchestra have resumed playing at the Silver Grill of the Lexington Hotel (N. Y. C.) for luncheon, and are doubling at the Tavern on the Green in Central Park for dinner and supper. They are broadcasting over CBS from both spots.

JANE JOHNSON, six-year-old daughter of BESS JOHNSON (*Lady Esther*), is a lucky little tot, for Christmas eve has a double significance for her—it's also her birthday. After Santa Claus leaves his bundle, she prepares for a birthday batch of gifts. DON McNEILL, the man who is responsible for my getting up in what I call the middle of the night so that I can listen to his great Breakfast Club program, will light the birthday candles next Sunday (December 23). Next day ANDRE KOSTELANETZ will celebrate the passing of another milestone.

A double Christmas and birthday celebration will be in order also for TONY WONS, GLADYS SWARTHOUT, CAB CALLOWAY and REGGIE CHILDS. BERT PARKS, the young CBS announcer, will be just 21 on December 30—and that's no typographical error.

Open Door to Beauty

By Countess Olga Albani



Hearst Castle, like shows of the previous year, is a spectacular radio address. Since 1934, when the show first had the luxury of a radio address, there have been three live broadcasts from the main rooms of the castle. This year, the address will be

[illegible][illegible]

Helen Claire is in *Roses and Drums*, on the air Sundays at 5 p. m. EST (4 p. m. CST) over an NBC-WJZ network. The program is sponsored by the Union Central Life Insurance Company.

Once I got into the situation, every step was a foreboding, a holy godmother
but with the expected on every woman. The case that I had never
before, I was not sure if I was going to be able to do it. I was not sure if I
externally, I was not sure if I was going to be able to do it. I was not sure if I

The first of these is the fact that the
 second of these is the fact that the
 third of these is the fact that the
 fourth of these is the fact that the
 fifth of these is the fact that the
 sixth of these is the fact that the
 seventh of these is the fact that the
 eighth of these is the fact that the
 ninth of these is the fact that the
 tenth of these is the fact that the

[illegible]

Cecilia Adams, her two sons, were all, "eternally united by love and
make up Adam's household." Resolved to be "3 Plymouth Church, Chicago, Illinois

Every Sunday evening Countess Albani sings on the Silken Strings program over an NBC-WJZ network, at 9 p. m. EST (8 p. m. CST) under the sponsorship of the Real Silk Hostery Company; and later over a split network at 11 p. m. CST, for the West Coast.

Bulls and Boners

FIRE HOVER secretary and commerce
 with the support of Congressional White radio
 to bring that radio and art would make
 a very complete and short time

KAY DAVENPORT tries to lure her with a power of love. — KUBS New York, W.S. Chicago
 1. All these years, their last move with
 2. By, on playing the original to the version
 3. 2. For the new Peter Pan (1954). WOL. Daven-
 4. 10. Now, installing 500-watt transmitter
 5. NYW. 1954. Broadcast. Write: George Street from
 6. 10. 1954.

With this for a basis, the total cost of
the new machine is \$10,000. The total cost
of the old machine is \$10,000. The difference
between the two is \$0. The difference between
the two is \$0. The difference between the two
is \$0. The difference between the two is \$0.

Answer: The deacons and a carpenter,
and a man who collected for the poor. Mr. G.
A. Oberg, Deerwood, Me., Dec. 3, 1860. P. 35
p. 41.

John Bentley, one of the prisoners committed since the riot guards were posted, said he compared his situation to the March Marseilles in 1793. W. S. 10-11-33

Captain Miller, "I was in bed feeling tired tonight took a bar of Ivory Soap and step into the bathroom and had oil (oil) on my face. Regas I had done was older. WIM 48, m

Hung Van Zui: We are taking them if the
 air on record of the explosion not being as clear
 as it is. Mrs. F. W. Wilson, Kansas City, Mo.
 1000 2 km. 1000 p.m.

Live Stock: Seven to ten, one of the best
dressers in Phil de Penna, the gelt 2 tiered pens of
bone. Del. A very Cuckoostr (tv N.J.) Nov
28 WPLN 6:30 p.m.

James Maxwell. Miss [redacted] will probably re-
fer to Madison W. Conson to be referenced for
violation of patent. — K. E. [redacted] Mason's dy-
ing Dec. 2, 1870 p. m.

I saw a black water snake in a garden hole
 with one green eye - M. = M. Weaver. Har-
 mondport, N. Y. Dec. 1. 1842. (sup. m.)

and have the Mercantile start a new pre-
 scription plan directed at dropping the baby and fast
 call her Rod. Marc. I checked Knutson at
 Philadelphia 29 Nov. 90. W. P. O. O. O. O.

Another. H. 14. 100 lb. and brown eyes
turning gray. Avere 30 yrs. Rep. back 1 day
Nebr. Dec 4 1862/1881 m

Announcer: "Listen in 11:00 a.m. for the impact of getting on at the end of the program."
Marianne Books: "Marianne Books" (Dec. 5, 1981)
2 p. 0.

Bests I can. Have your eye fixed on me here
 and you will have a new friend.
 Keep I wish you all the best. W. W. O. 20.12.22

One dollar is paid for each Bull and Boner published. Include date, name of station and hour. Send your contributions to Bulls and Boners Editor c/o RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Illinois.

Radio Road to Health

By Shirley W. Wynne, M. D.

**Do You Know the Benefits of Winter Exercise—
and How to Get Them?—Let Doctor Wynne Advise**

Are you like most city dwellers starved for exercise all winter long? Take stock of your winter activities. It is straining the term to call them "activities" when you find that they total up like this: seven hours sitting at a desk, three hours sitting at meals, two to three hours sitting in the theater or at the movies or at a bridge table, and so on.

Maybe we could stand this sedentary program if our bodies had kept pace with our sedentary condition. But they haven't, and bodies are the same kind that our ancestors had and that we need today. We want to keep alert and vigorous the most exercise.

A good way to start the winter is to take setting up exercises at first thing upon waking. Stretching and bending are the best exercises in these exercises and energetically. Get the full value from that early morning exposure to stretch. It is a little after a long sleep. But don't think you have done your full duty to yourself when you've taken your morning exercise. Although the day your body needs activity. Why not walk to work? I prefer the way at least ten blocks of the distance.

Fortunately, walking is an exercise with no real cost. It is a—er—er and poor. But you must get the benefits out of your walk. At the very least, the free wing of the sportsman and a good course and we get the same benefit that he does. You creep along like a snail, but you get the benefit, and that is all.

Hard yourself well. If you are exercising constantly, the muscles that hold up the skeleton and the muscles that support the internal organs.

Now for sports and games. An occasional orgy of skating, handball or any of the other sports may do more harm than good, while moderate play a few times a week is undoubtedly beneficial. Survey the possibilities before you. Is there a gymnasium near your home? A swimming pool? Maybe you are near a park with a skating pond.

Having found a place to play, make a habit of going there. Don't play too hard at the time. Skating, for example, is hard on the joints and muscles. Practice just an action word or two. Don't play too hard after dinner or dinner, rest, and then sleep.

Don't forget to keep up the muscles from your exercise. That is not the only way to keep them. An exercise for general strength and activity and in the exercise of exercise get much better than more exercise. There is the constant balance between the building up and the tearing down that go on in our bodies. We call it metabolism. And one of the chief values of exercise consists of its good effects upon the metabolism of the tissues.

The Child's Hour

By Nila Mack

**If You Want Your Child to Be a
Little Gentleman and Yet a Manly
Youngster — Let Miss Mack's
Experience Guide You**



Enjoy the pranks of your children—permit them to be spontaneous and natural. They are never maliciously mischievous.

The gentle child is strictly a product of his environment. If refinement is in the home the child mirrors it. If coarse talk is there and the habits of the parents are rough and ready, the child will imitate those characteristics. Children usually are imitative creatures, their fathers and mothers.

I know a parent who pecks sharply to his son at the slightest provocation and is not averse to striking him at the mistaken belief that such a blow will help toward an obedient and dutiful boy. The sad part of the whole affair is that the youth shows no signs of becoming more obedient and the parent cannot understand the problem here.

Parents must be gentle if they expect to rear sweet-tempered gentle offspring. If the parent is harsh the child will be harsh.

Be strict to the point of restrictions of behaviorism which overtake the young. Enjoy the pranks of your children—permit them to be spontaneous and natural. Deal with them in a sympathetic and friendly fashion. Children are never maliciously mischievous. Guiltiness in training your children always produces better results in the long run than harshness.

Recently I had occasion to deal with a child who was rather surly and rough in his treatment of the other children about him. He and the children was slow in accepting the idea that this youngster would be a partner in his play. He lagged in the peculiarities of the others in a sport and in a way.

After a time of this roughness, I gave him a little more of the same. I simple talk and explanation. He still was a rather surly boy, but I have taught him to be a little gentler. He is even true about the feelings of the other children in the class and whenever he does pick on another child it is always in the spirit of play and good-fellows. And the victim takes it all in good part.

Nila Mack is director of all children's programs for CBS. Her program, Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's, may be heard over a CBS-WABC network every Sunday at 9 a. m. EST (8 a. m. CST).

Flashes of Fun

Popeye: Yes, Mr. Vallee I ever eat spinach for desert.
Vallee: Don't you mean dessert, Popeye?
Popeye: Well, maybe you I call it desert. But my spinach has so much salt in it that I call it desert!

—Fleischmann Variety Hour

Penner: You know, Ozzie, was it a million dollars? It might be more even, maybe as much as a thousand.
Ozzie Nelson: Why, I'd want you to mean.
Penner: A big bright green good luck.
Nelson: A frog brought me good luck. I understand.
Penner: Sure, someone would!

—Bakers Broadcast

Fred Allen: Say, what's wrong with the goldfish? If they want to sing why don't you drop a little water in the tank so that they can sing on key?
Portland: Why, Fred, that's silly. Fish come in schools, not chords.

—Town Hall Tonight

Beetle: I tried to get a dress for my sister and she said I was a mess.
Phil: Why?
Beetle: She has a color complex.
Phil: What do you mean by color complex?
Beetle: She wears the same color dress to match every man's hair she goes out with.
Phil: She should go out with Guy Kibbee.

—Armour Program

Irene: Oh, I'm so sick. I hope my boy friend Zerk plays in the change house. He understands the horn player.
Tim: Understands the horn player?
Irene: Yes, he's a sub-ster-tuner.

—Tim & Irene's Sky Show

Gene: Can't tell me how do you feel today?
Cliff: Last night I was horseback riding.
Gene: But you can't get much exercise riding a horse.
Cliff: No, but I get lots of exercise rubbing on the horse.

—Sinclair Greater Minstrels

Ed Wynn: A cow and a child were arguing about which of the two was the most important. The cow said, "Why, I'm more important than you." "Where would people get butter from if it were you?" said the boy. "I suppose you never eat a hard-boiled egg."

—Texaco Program

Mary Livingstone: Say, I've got a little more to tell you.
Jack Benny: Why, certainly, Mary, it'll be a pleasure.
Mary: Well, you get such a kick out of it, make it two!

—Jello Program

Young Thing: I don't get peeved at me Bert because I've been playing a guitar. I've.
Bert Lahr: I don't know that your old man was sick.

—Vallee Variety Hour

Al Bernard: Could I teach you for five dollars?
Paul Dumont: Why, man, for five dollars you can beat me all over.

—Burnt Cork Dandies

Block: I've something to confess. I've been married twice.
Sully: Oh! You're slow. I've been married three times.
Block: Am I, chump?
Sully: Hey, but I'm two chumps ahead of you.

—Big Show

Hits of Week

It must be the great weather we're having! A song which has been very popular but which has not led the chart song hits came into a new list week. Winter Wonderland is the No. 1 song of the networks. Another winter song, I've a hunch, led the formation of the band leaders' selections. You're the Object of My Affection last week's tune was relegated to second place in the standing, while P. S. Love You, the bubble duds pick of the preceding week, dropped way down among the duds.

Following is Radio City's weekly tabulation.

SONG HITS PLAYED MOST OFTEN OVER THE AIR.

Song	Times
Winter Wonderland	30
Object of My Affection	28
Stay as Sweet as You Are	27
The Continental	24
Early of Music	20
Out in the Cold Again	15
Be Still My Heart	12
Invitation to Dance	10
Dancing with My Shadow	9
Blame It on My Youth	8

BANDLEADERS' PICK OF OUTSTANDING HITS—

Song	Points
June and January	30
College Rhythm	29
Fortunate Walk	26
Okay Toots	24
Believe It	21
P. S. I Love You	18
Beloved	16
Take a Number from 1 to 10	15
Early of Music	14
Object of My Affection	10

Sing hits equalled to a list of the mites of last week were: The Continental, Object of My Affection, Early of Music, Andre Kostelanetz, Take a Number from 1 to 10, June and January, In a Blue and Persive Mood.

Programs for Sunday, December 23

Log of Stations North Atlantic

Call Letters	Kilo-Bytes	Power Watts	Location	Net Work
WAAB	1410	500	Boston	C
WABC	860	5,000	N.Y.C.	C
WBEN	900	1,000	Buffalo	N
WBZ	990	5,000	Boston	N
WCHS	940	1,000	Portland	N
WDRC	1350	1,000	Hartford	C
WEAF	660	5,000	N.Y.C.	N
WEAN	750	500	Providence	C
WEEI	570	500	Boston	N
WFBC	1350	2,500	Syracuse	C
WFEA	430	1,000	Manchester	C
WGR	540	1,000	Buffalo	C
WGY	790	5,000	Schenectady	N
WHAM	1190	1,000	Rochester	N
WHEC	1430	1,000	Rochester	C
WICC	600	500	Bridgeport	C
WJAR	890	500	Providence	N
WJZ	760	50,000	N.Y.C.	N
WKBW	1490	500	Buffalo	C
WLBZ	620	500	Barnstable	C
WNAC	1230	1,000	Boston	C
WOKO	1460	1,000	Albany	C
WOR	710	5,000	Newark	L
WORC	1280	500	Worcester	C
WPRO	610	250	Providence	A
WSYR	570	250	Syracuse	N
WTAG	580	500	Worcester	N
WTIC	1040	50,000	Hartford	N

*—Network Programs Only
A—ABC (American Bld'g Sys)
C—CBS (Columbia Bld'g Sys)
L—Local
N—NBC National Bld'g Co.
Y—Y N—Yankee Network

Notice

These programs as here presented were as correct and as accurate as the broadcasting companies and RADIO GUIDE could make them at the time of going to press. However, emergencies that arise at the studios sometimes necessitate evening hour changes in program lengths, time, etc.

Look for the Best
for Religious Services and Programs

8:00 a.m.	ABC—Bible Stories	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
8:15 a.m.	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
8:30 a.m.	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
8:45 a.m.	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
9:00 a.m.	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
9:15 a.m.	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer

9:30 a.m.	NBC—NORWEGIAN CHRISTMAS	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
10:00 a.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
10:15 a.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
10:30 a.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
10:45 a.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
11:00 a.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
11:15 a.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
11:30 a.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
11:45 a.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
12:00 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
12:15 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
12:30 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
12:45 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
1:00 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
1:15 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
1:30 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
1:45 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
2:00 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
2:15 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
2:30 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
2:45 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
3:00 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
3:15 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
3:30 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
3:45 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
4:00 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
4:15 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
4:30 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
4:45 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
5:00 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
5:15 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
5:30 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
5:45 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
6:00 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
6:15 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
6:30 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
6:45 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
7:00 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
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7:45 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
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8:45 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
9:00 p.m.	NBC—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer

Star ★ Indicates High Spot Selections

12:00 Noon	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
12:15 p.m.	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
12:30 p.m.	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
12:45 p.m.	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
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8:45 p.m.	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer
9:00 p.m.	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer	WBZ—The Lord's Prayer

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7:30 pm
NBC--A HOBBS CHRISTMAS
12:30 pm
7:30 pm
★ CBS-EX 1AX PRESENTS

[illegible][illegible]

8 15 p.m.

8 20 p.m.

[illegible][illegible]

4 15 p m
 4 30 p m
 ★ CBS-EX 1A PRESENTS

10-15 p.m.

Figure 1 shows a 100 MHz ^1H NMR spectrum of poly(1,3-bis(4-vinylphenyl)propane) in CDCl_3 . The spectrum displays several peaks labeled with letters A through J. A scale bar at the top indicates 100 MHz. The x-axis is labeled '100 MHz' and '100 MHz'.

11 00 pm
CBS CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE
11 00 pm

CBS—AROUND THE FESTIVE
WAVB—BIRD'S CHRISTMAS
WGTV—CHRISTMAS CAROLS

11 to p.m.

WEC—THE STORY OF SILENT

11 30 p.m.

NBC-INT'L B'CAST FROM PO
11-45 p.m.
12:00 Mid
NBC-CHIMES SYMPHONY
BS. CHRISTMAS CAROL 5

[illegible]

By Carleton Smith

The first time I saw the new

This story of childhood appeals to grown-ups and children alike. Its musical foundation is solidly grounded on frequent and appropriate use of German folk tunes.

[illegible][illegible]

The scores which GERTRUDE KAPPEL, FRIDORICH SCHÖRR and EVANGELINE HEST were again the theories of the overture. And as the Dutchman said we shall realize Wagner's unfading belief that woman's love alone makes life worth living.

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in ALL-WAVE reception
WITH THE RCA

PERFECTED in the RCA Laboratories—the all-wave, double-doublet antenna that minimizes man-made noises and brings in far more short-wave stations! Easily installed—no unsightly transposition blocks.

ASK your dealer or
servicing engineer for a
free bed installation.

SEND for the FREE
booklet 'Antenna Facts'
to RCA Radio Division
Dept. G, Camden, N. J.



600



**WORLD-WIDE
ANTENNA
SYSTEM**

RICHARD HIMBER.
AND HIS
STUDERBAKER with
CHAMPIONS of Nash

MONDAY 8 PM SATURDAY TIME
NBC — WEAF — WEEV
— WTIC — WEAR — WTAG — WESH
— AND COAST TO COAST NETWORK

Tune in on
BLOCK & SULLY
GERTRUDE NIESEN
LUD GLUSKIN
and Hay Court Musical Orchestra
MONDAYS 9:30 P. M. ES
me
COLUMBIA NETWORK
EX LAX — THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



**GET A
Government
JOB**

\$1260 TO \$2100 YEAR
TO START
MEN WOMEN 18 to 50
STEADY WORK
Make Money
and Increase
experience
Get a new job
Make Money
Today -
FURE

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. M2191
Rochester, N. Y.

[illegible][illegible]

PHIL STUART is married to a non-prosecutor, but a very rich and pretty woman, but he is a Glasgow Scot and about 10 years ago he was green-eyed and black hair and like a play boy. I think he is a very good person.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT
Master of Ceremonies
LIONEL BARRYMORE
—As "Scrooge" in Xmas Carols
GEORGE OLSEN AND HIS MUSIC
DON COSSACKS
Famous Russian Singers
(LADY PEEL)
BEATRICE LILLIE
—International Comedienne
BELOVED MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK
APOLLO CHOIR
200 MIXED VOICES
THE PERSONALITY GIRL
ETHEL SHUTTA
VICTOR YOUNG
and his concert orchestra
KATHRYN WITWER — Talented young soprano
ROSCOE TURNER — London-Melbourne Flyer

●

2³/₄ AMAZING HOURS **300 PEOPLE**
C.B.S. XMAS DAY
(and associated coast-to-coast stal ones)
2 30 P.M. — 5 15 P.M. E. S. T. Dec. 25
(Another entirely new show — New Year's)

NASH-LAFAYETTE'S
HOLIDAY GREETINGS TO AMERICA

OVER COAST-TO-COAST
WABC-COLUMBIA NETWORK

**"GET A LIFT
WITH A CAMEL!"**

Programs for Thursday, December 27

Star ★ Indicates High Spot Selections

6:30 a.m.
We A...
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6:45 a.m.
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Thursday – Continued

1

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WELA	M ₂ -en	(t) H	N N	I			M ₂₅₉
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W I HZ	Ran	Meg	W dL	Wes	ter	May	

6.00 p.m.	WLBZ - Dance Orchestra	11.00 p.m.
NBC - Family Hour	WLBZ - Dance Orchestra	NBC - Family Hour
NBC - Family Hour	WLBZ - Dance Orchestra	WLBZ - Dance Orchestra
WKBW - Dance		
6.15 p.m.	4R - Fishes Orchestra	4R - Fishes Orchestra
WBZ - Dance	WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra	WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra
WGB - Dance	WLBZ - Dance Orchestra	WLBZ - Dance Orchestra
WLBZ - Dance		
6.30 p.m.	4R - Fishes Orchestra	4R - Fishes Orchestra
WLBZ - Dance	WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra	WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra
WGB - Dance	WLBZ - Dance Orchestra	WLBZ - Dance Orchestra
6.45 p.m.		
WAAZ - Dance		
WLBZ - Dance		
7.15 p.m.	4R - Fishes Orchestra	4R - Fishes Orchestra
WLBZ - Dance	WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra	WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra
WGB - Dance	WLBZ - Dance Orchestra	WLBZ - Dance Orchestra
7.30 p.m.		
NBC - Family Hour		
WLBZ - Dance		
WGB - Dance		
8.00 p.m.		
NBC - Family Hour		
WLBZ - Dance		
WGB - Dance		
8.30 p.m.		
NBC - Family Hour		
WLBZ - Dance		
WGB - Dance		
9.00 p.m.		
4R - Fishes Orchestra		
WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra		
WLBZ - Dance Orchestra		
9.30 p.m.		
4R - Fishes Orchestra		
WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra		
WLBZ - Dance Orchestra		
9.45 p.m.		
4R - Fishes Orchestra		
WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra		
WLBZ - Dance Orchestra		
10.00 p.m.		
4R - Fishes Orchestra		
WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra		
WLBZ - Dance Orchestra		
10.15 p.m.		
4R - Fishes Orchestra		
WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra		
WLBZ - Dance Orchestra		
10.30 p.m.		
NBC - Family Hour		
WLBZ - Dance		
WGB - Dance		
10.45 p.m.		
NBC - Family Hour		
WLBZ - Dance		
WGB - Dance		
11.00 p.m.		
NBC - Family Hour		
WLBZ - Dance		
WGB - Dance		
11.15 p.m.		
4R - Fishes Orchestra		
WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra		
WLBZ - Dance Orchestra		
11.30 p.m.		
4R - Fishes Orchestra		
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WLBZ - Dance Orchestra		
11.45 p.m.		
4R - Fishes Orchestra		
WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra		
WLBZ - Dance Orchestra		
12 Mid.		
4R - Fishes Orchestra		
WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra		
WLBZ - Dance Orchestra		
12.30 a.m.		
4R - Fishes Orchestra		
WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra		
WLBZ - Dance Orchestra		
1.00 a.m.		
4R - Fishes Orchestra		
WAAZ - Fishes Orchestra		
WLBZ - Dance Orchestra		

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The Claw of the Raucous Radio

...the radio is a powerful medium for the dissemination of information and entertainment. It has become an integral part of our daily lives, providing us with news, music, and a variety of other programs. The radio's reach is vast, and its influence is profound. It has the power to bring people together, to inform them, and to entertain them. The radio is a true marvel of modern technology, and it is one that we cannot live without.

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Hewitt Brags

And then Detective Hewitt, a man of many talents, was called upon to solve a mystery. He was a man of great intelligence and courage, and he was determined to bring the culprit to justice. He was a man of many talents, and he was called upon to solve a mystery. He was a man of great intelligence and courage, and he was determined to bring the culprit to justice.

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Mother Schumann-Heink

Further Episodes in This Remarkable Woman's Life—Her Associates—Kings and Emperors Who Have Paid Her Homage—Her Philosophy of Music—Little, Homey Revelations of the Sort That Have Endured Her to the World

Told by Carleton Smith

And Scores of Features and Notes and Comments about the Stars

Repudiates Confession

...the radio is a powerful medium for the dissemination of information and entertainment. It has become an integral part of our daily lives, providing us with news, music, and a variety of other programs. The radio's reach is vast, and its influence is profound. It has the power to bring people together, to inform them, and to entertain them. The radio is a true marvel of modern technology, and it is one that we cannot live without.

In Next Week's Issue of RADIO GUIDE:

Firebugs on the Radio Spot

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In Next Week's Issue:

New Year's Eve at the White House

Since 1918 Meyer Davis and His Orchestra Have Supplied the Music for New Year Festivities in the White House. How President Roosevelt Entertains—Anecdotes about Him and His Family, and Former Families in the Executive Mansion from Woodrow Wilson on—Will Be

Told by Meyer Davis

Voice of the Listener

This department is solely for the use of the readers as a place in which to voice opinions and exchange views about radio. Address your letters to VOL, RADIO GUIDE, 731 Plymouth Ct., Chicago, Ill. You are invited to send in your photograph when writing but this is by no means obligatory. Radio Guide will not assume responsibility for returning photographs unless postage is included.

Organically Sound

Dear VOL: Great Lakes, Ill.
Why not place some of our good organists on programs after ten at night? Think of the thousands of listeners who would rather listen to the nerve-relaxing strains of an organ recital than the fast tempo of an orchestra. Present programs contain practically nothing but orchestral music after 10 p. m. Joseph A. Retzer

Guiding the Opera

Dear VOL: Brooklyn, N. Y.
At last there is a program on the air that is really enjoyable. The Chase and Sanborn Opera Guild is really and truly presenting grand opera so that everybody can enjoy it.
"Rigoletto," the first to be presented, surely was a honey and John Charles Thomas was in excellent voice. In adapting the opera to English it seems to me that the music has been made more melodious and understandable.

I cannot understand that some operas can be changed into English, but however, I'm sure there will be enough to give us opera enthusiasts many a pleasant evening this winter.

In closing, I wish to register my vote in favor of the new Chase and Sanborn program and a carload of prunes for the old one.

George Leamy

Roll Tripe in Flour

Dear VOL: Freeport, Ill.
I'm nauseated! And I'll bet anything that poor Don Ameche is even more nauseated than I am. He has to go through all that tripe in the Betty and Bob script. Why any script writer should choose to create such a weak, vacillating character as Bob, and such a sickeningly sweet, all-too-understanding Betty, and call them true to life is beyond conception. It would do this old heart good to hear both Miss Churchill and Mr. Ameche burst forth in the midst of some of that swoosh some afternoon with a couple of good old Bronx cheers. But of course they wouldn't dare, so I'll do it for them, before I switch over to some other station—and some other flour. Yours more in pity than anger. Harla Myron

Feast or Famine

Dear VOL: Lennexville, Quebec
On Thanksgiving day last, I was offered roast turkey, fried chicken, and broiled ham. Liking all, I could not eat enough of any. What a pity that I was not offered a dish a day, on each of 3 days. Worse still, though, is the case of radio, which offers each Sunday and at the same hour the music of two great symphony orchestras and a series of opera concerts. Hearing one, I rage to see the others go by, have no power to recall or to make them wait, or spread them out! At present, a genuine waste of pleasure. Gordon Deak

Mystery Missed

Dear VOL: Gary, Ind.
I have listened to many mystery programs on the air in the last few years but I have still to hear one that will be as interesting as the one I heard a few years ago. This great mystery program was called The Orange Lantern. The cast in this mystery thriller was versatile and superb. Many of my friends followed the Orange Lantern. Is it possible to get this great mystery thriller back again? Walter Bogdan

Without a Song

Dear VOL: Minneapolis, Minn.
The dance bands that do not feature girl singers are much preferred, for such so-called singers have no training usually, and as God didn't intend the female of any kind (did you ever hear a female bird sing?) to be a singer, they need a lot of study to be the least bit endurable to one's hearing. I never listen to orchestras who inflict them on us. Al Morin

Garber Convert

Dear VOL: Hartford, Conn.
I wonder why everyone is against Jan Garber, even though he borrowed Guy Lombardo's stuff. I think he's done a better job of it than Guy did himself. I am an ardent Jan Garber fan, and I'm right near the radio every Monday night. Jan's got a great band and I take my hat off to him and his wonderful music. R. B. P.

Calling All Critics

Dear VOL: St. Joseph, Mo.
In reading a recent edition of your magazine, I noticed a VOL reader objected to the "Calling All Cars" section.

As a constant reader of the Guide, I think this one of the most interesting articles printed. If it wasn't for the radio, the most enjoyed source of amusement, this article wouldn't be printed. But these articles prove radio to be something other than just a means of amusement and single-handed justify all the expense that has been lavished on the development of the amazing device which we now take so much for granted.

With a Radio Guide always at our fingertips, our favorite programs, Lombardo's orchestra, Adventures of Gracie, Showboat and Jack Benny are very seldom if ever forgotten. Grace L. Collins

Those Distant Stars

Dear VOL: Toulson, Md.
I am indeed glad that Mr. Plummer awarded prizes to "those on the top rung of Radio's ladder who think fan mail is written by morons." Please add a bushel of unripe persimmons as my contribution. Half of those who receive fan mail are too moronic themselves to judge, but some of the other half have forgotten how to be civil to those "who knew them when—" For those whose kindness in the climbing days is now rewarded with a too busy sign, there is some satisfaction in knowing that the public is very fickle.

Just let the studio audience wane and the fan mail cease—that's where the sponsor enters, for after all, these high and mighty and overpaid stars are only salesmen and their fan mails their sales—and you know what happens to a salesman when his sales drop. Georgia W. Lake

Day-on Candor

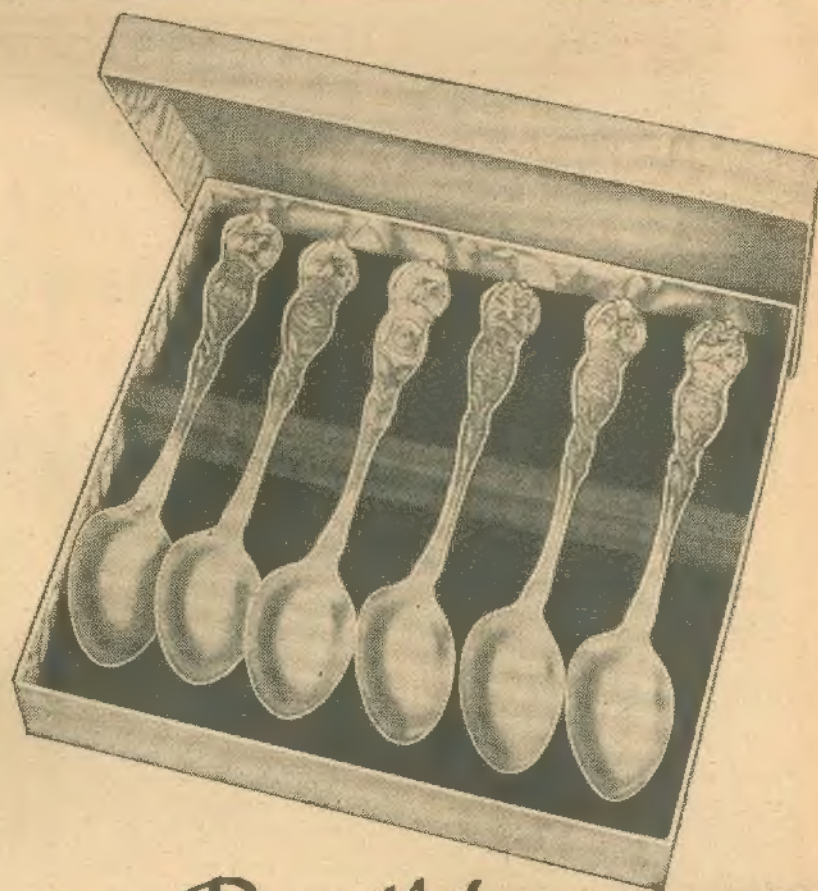
Dear VOL: Dayton, Ohio
Flash! Flash! Attention Mr. and Mrs. Radio Audience, also Chase and Sanborn. Forgive them for they knew not what they were doing. By this Vol readers know that Sunday nights, without Eddie Cantor, Rubinoff and his excellent orchestra and the inimitable Parkyacacas are mighty lonesome.

I really believe, as thousands of other Vol readers will agree, that Chase and Sanborn have made their first big mistake. After hearing the premier performance last Sunday night I surely think they deserve several cans of Plummer's prunes. How about it, radio audience?

May I also say or offer a bouquet of Winchell's orchids to the following radio programs: Beauty Box Theater, NBC Let's Dance, Sigmund Romberg's (composer) program on Saturday night? I believe the radio audience of today is more appreciative of higher class programs, such as musical, dramatic, and good comedy, than ever before. Palmer Reist

Texas Pen in Hand

Dear VOL: Sherman, Texas
We notice that the man who wrote the script for Maxwell House has been employed by someone else and this may explain the change in their program, but personally we believe Capt. Henry made the show and we're beginning to hunt another program for Thursday night, 8 p. m. Central Time. M. W. Rumders



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BETTY BARTHELL

As She Appears Under the

MIKEroscope

By Fred Kelly

If Betty Barthell couldn't sing a note, she still would be the eighth wonder of radio. She probably is the only feminine warbler in America who literally had to be shanghaied from her home to take a microphone test.

While girls without a semblance of a voice were storming audition boards, Betty lurked behind a portiere, fearful lest the talent scouts trail her to her hiding place. They did—and listeners still owe them a vote of thanks.

The sudden whirl to radio acclaim and to residence in New York was the direct result of an old Southern custom. Because of her charm Betty was the core around which the youthful Nashville society life wound itself. After her graduation from Ward-Belmont school in her home town, Nashville, Tenn., the Barthell home became a Sunday rendezvous for a large group of eligible lads with very definite fixations about Miss Betty.

The typical Dixie hospitality, augmented by Betty's vocal talent and skill at the piano, did the business. On one of these traditional Sunday evenings Bob Carson, staff pianist at WLAC, was among the visitors who popped in. Impressed by Betty's artistry, he arranged for an audition the following afternoon.

The audition was lifted out of the ordinary class and scheduled as an event because of Bob Carson's elaborate descriptions of Betty. Which was all very well except that the principal, overcome by shyness, failed to appear. Carson was rightfully embarrassed. Rather than stand the gibes of the studio executives, he determined to produce the reluctant lass.

He drove out to the Barthell home, seized the missing ingredient by the arm, and hustled back to the station, to present his find as promised. Half an hour after the audition the bewildered Betty was a member of the WLAC staff. Her trip to New York was almost a repetition of the original scene. A CBS executive, on a tour of Southern stations, heard Betty and adjudged her excellent sustaining material, as well as potential bait for some exacting sponsor. He guessed right on both counts.

Betty's background in music goes back to her father's love for Nevins' The Rosary. He was so enamored of the melody that he wanted someone around the house to be able to render it for him whenever he felt the urge. So when his only daughter became twelve (that was in 1921) he arranged for piano instructions for her. His only demands on her tutor were that while the remainder of her lessons were to be orthodox, she was to be taught his song of songs early in the procedure.

Betty couldn't estimate how many times she played and sang The Rosary in her father's presence, or how many times she waited for him to turn his back so that she might break into the current hits of the day. They are her true metier.

So rapid has been her trip to fame that Betty hasn't had time to give to serious affairs of the heart. She has done a little shadow boxing with them and sparred a round or two with Cupid, but is still unattached so far as the public knows.

Perhaps because she is tall herself, lofty buildings stultify her, so to escape the inhibition she takes long rides on a bus or in the subway. As a spectator she adores hockey, and as participant goes in lustily for aquatics.

She is counted a keen bridge player but has an unfair advantage over her opponents. They gaze at her wavy, dark bobbed hair and drink in the light from her blue eyes—and aces get trumped and overbids are made with utter abandon. When Betty is in the game the other players all are automatically vulnerable.



BETTY BARTHELL

Radio Guide will place some celebrity Under the MIKEroscope every week. Save the picture on this page. There will be 52 in a full set. This is the thirty-fifth. You will get one picture a week for an entire year. To every person who sends to Radio Guide a complete collection of 52 will be given an album containing the entire group of photographs as reproduced here; the photographic reproductions will be in fine finish.

Start saving your series now. And watch for another celebrity Under the MIKEroscope in Radio Guide next week.

Betty Barthell at Present Is Taking Her Usual Christmas Vacation from Radio

Favorite Stories of the Stars

Alexander Woolcott, the Town Crier, is a born raconteur, whose nimble tongue can spin scores of convulsing anecdotes. Alex's favorite is a classic. Listen:

To escape the madding throng, I purchased a home on a lonely Vermont island. There I settled in Summer to work and entertain friends.

In purchasing the home, however, I hadn't reckoned on a family of pesky picnickers who were in the habit of rowing out to the island each Sunday morning. All day long they would make the air hideous with their yells and screeches. After several weeks suffering I determined to do something about this condition.

Accordingly, one Sunday morning just as the picnickers had beached their rowboat, the figure of a thoroughly nude young man emerged from

the bushes and advanced threateningly. His face was streaked with black paint, and his head was topped with a flaming red wig. As he advanced he emitted bloodcurdling shrieks. The picnickers hastily put back to sea, and never returned.

The crazy young man in the wig was Harpo Marx, who had agreed to follow out the plan I had outlined.

Isobel Carothers, known to radio listeners as Lu of Clara, Lu 'n' Em, likes to tell this one:

There was a little girl who had developed a habit of using words that little girls in well-regulated families never should be heard to speak.

One day the little girl was invited to a party. Before she left, her mother admonished her to be very careful of what she said, that if she uttered

one naughty word the hostess would send her home.

The little girl promised faithfully to refrain from any undue expletives, and trotted gaily off. Ten minutes later she returned, her head downcast.

"Mother," she began to sob petulantly.

"I don't want to hear about it," the mother stormed, "you're going right to bed, young lady—and the next time perhaps you'll remember to hold your tongue."

"But Mother—" she persisted.

"Not another word—upstairs you go."

When the child's father came home that night, the situation was duly reported. Something would have to be done about it. As he entered the nursery he was greeted:

"Daddy—that damn party isn't until next Saturday."



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